Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy.

Boy. Why doo you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappie sonne?

Gerl. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prettie Cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sickenesse of the King:
As loath to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour, to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With daylie praiers, all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vncle Gloucester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when hee tolde me so, hee wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheeke,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceite should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous visard hide foule guile:
He is my sonne, yea, and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam?

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke what noise is this? *Enter the Queen.*

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioine with blacke despaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence.

Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules, may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widowe, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moity of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plants and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aid you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments.
All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send foorth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my deare Lo. Edward.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo: Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and he is gone?

Am. What stay had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

Dut. What staies had I but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse.